

# BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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## ALONE.

In my bosom sorrow abounds,  
Soul and sense are sick with care;  
Bitterly my heart complaineth  
At the load it needs must bear.  
  
When our dearest worldly treasures  
Bring us, sorrowing no relief  
Then there are amid earth's pleasures  
Hours of bitter gloom and grief.  
  
To restore its wretched gladness,  
On the ocean's sleeping wave  
Leave Oh hearts, those realms of sadness,  
Hope for peace beyond the grave.

## A Home-made Sunday School Story.

Two or three years before the war I was younger than I am now, was better looking, fairly glib on the tongue, had lots of fine clothes, plenty of money, and no poor kin. Together with some elegant young ladies and gentlemen I was invited to be the guest of a house in a county of this State that was not Fayette.

In those days when the aristocracy went "calling," they took along their great big leather trunks and spent three or four days.

They went in great big carriages the stomachs of which hung down with a storage capacity that beat anything since the days of the Trojan horse.

They were ostensibly intended for only four inside passengers, but they were always jollier when there were two girls and a boy on each seat and the boy was sandwiched between the girls.

Some times the boy was troubled to know what to do with his arms, so as to keep his elbows from both crimping the girls.

Some times he wasn't. The most intimate male acquaintance I ever had was one of the latter kind.

The motor that propelled one of those big carriages was, among the very *creme de la creme*, two big mules.

A big negro man on the "box" outside held the reins, and beside him sat a colored woman to wait on the girls.

These carriages left home after an elaborate injunction from the *paderfamilias* to the driver, which John G. Saxe has travestied from Horace.

*Parce stimulis utere locis,*  
A stage direction of which the core is,

Don't use the whip, they're ticklish things,

But whatever you do, hold on to the strings.

The injunction was always observed until the driver got out of sight of "Old Master."

The house and grounds that we visited in the instance referred to, was, like Washington, a place of "magnificent distances." The farm, and the yard, and the house were all on a big scale. The dominant idea in architecture in those days had as its model a goods box, with a porch as high as the house and about half as big, that was ingeniously constructed with reference to keeping neither sun or rain off of anybody or any thing.

Had a sort of prophetic architect built a house for a rich Kentucky farmer, like a Lexington architect would now build, one of these Queen Anne chop-logic establishments, the farmer would have thought it fine for the "niggers."

In such a house as the first we have described, large and spacious, and filled with elegant furniture, books, music, family portraits, &c., with negro slaves, male and female, old and young, *ad libitum*, we were entertained. Every meal, set in the most elegant of china, was a *chef d'œuvre* of the *cuisine*, and nuts and raisins, and fruits, domestic and tropical, sat around in the most inviting *nestlings*, in silver services, to be sampled between meals.

But this merely material feature was the smallest part of the entertainment. The host and hostess were most elegant people, and dressed elegantly—"neat and not gaudy," as the monkey said when he had painted the cat.

There were some handsome and happy looking little boys, children of these good people. They were earnestly religious people. The father was a reading and a thinking man, and was one of the first men that I ever heard maintain some metaphysical views that I neither then accepted, nor now accept, but which have now become much more common.

Here the novels place a string of stars, or asterisks, as the printers call them, and begin the sequel with the words, "Years have flown by." I won't infringe on their patent.

The other day a man stopped me on the Court House concrete. He was ragged and dirty, and so thin that he appeared not to have had enough to eat. He said: "My

Moore, I heard some men talking against you, yesterday, and I took your part. I have drunk whisky until I have been in the lunatic asylum. Please give me ten cents to buy something to eat."

This man was one of the boys whose father entertained me as I have told you.

The day before I wrote this, I heard, for the first time, about another one of those boys. He is the proprietor of a gambling house and is just coining money.

## From a Grand Daughter of Barton W. Stone.

The following is from the wife of a prominent banker of Kansas City:

Mr. Charles C. Moore.—Many pardons please, cousin dear, for my long silence. Have wanted to write often, more especially since the reception of your interesting papers. I wanted you to know how heartily I endorsed your sentiments in regard to that greatest of all evils, whisky.

I too, am regarded a villain in that channel, but think I can survive the odium attached to it.

May God give you strength to live down your assailants and cause them to see the error of their way and the justice of yours. I don't refer to any little personalities, for those I of course know nothing of them, but of the cause I speak. You may expect severe criticism and reproaches from a bum element, but don't let them discourage you. Keep on the even tenor of your way and your efforts will surely be rewarded with success.

I have often wished I was a thousand strong-minded men, I would hurl thunderbolts of reason and logic into the whisky cliques, cause them to see the wicked homes, blasted lives, bleeding and broken hearts, suicides, eluded intellects, etc., they have caused, and surely the horrible aspect would forever deter the from their diabolical works.

Is a great and mighty question and will take years to eradicate it; but I firmly believe the time will come when whisky, that fungus growth on humanity, will be a thing of the past.

My husband is anxious to know you and wishes to be remembered.

Lovingly,  
MOLLIE T. RIDGE.

## The Prohibition Meeting At Louisville, October 23.

The Prohibition meeting at Louisville was a regular old time Methodist love feast. It was simply grand; but I don't want to say anything about it until I can get a whole side of a paper in the next issue.

Hon. Samuel Dickey is simply royal; and Hon. Josiah Harris, Chairman of the State board, is just too ineffably lovely and too too for anything less than a column in *Brevier*.

And then the money and the schemes we have got to make things go, you better bet.

There's only one trouble about it. I had started out to run this paper the balance of my life, and intend to live until I am seventy-five years old; but in ten years more the whole whisky business will be swiped out of Kentucky, and there won't be any use for a Prohibition paper, and I don't know what I can do the remaining fifteen years. Looks like there's always something to trouble a body.

W. C. T. U.

A word from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to the readers of THE BLUE-GRASS BLADE and Temperance people everywhere, greeting. Temperance sentiment is growing in this State, as shown by figures and facts at the last State Convention, held in Richmond, Ky., on the 1st, 2d and 3d of this month, 26 Unions were represented and 47 delegates present, as against 19 Unions at the last session. Good work was done at the Convention, and good reports from every Department, especially prison, jail and railroad work. It is not usual to think of Temperance work in these Departments, so it is very gratifying to know that good work is being done along these lines. Although the men of Richmond did not take the interest in the work they usually do at State Conventions, the women are wide awake and alert for God and Home; and as the women usually rule, we hope much for Richmond, and if they

should ever get as warm in the temperance cause as they are in hospitality, they will become a power in the land.

Kentucky chivalry and Kentucky hospitality! How I would like to add to this—Kentucky temperance; and then the old Commonwealth would stand second to none in morality.

Hoping for the spread of temperance and the success of The Blade,

## ONE OF THE DELEGATES.

## Chairman Harris Endorses The Blade.

PADUCAH, KY., Oct. 13, 1890.

Mr. C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

MY DEAR SIR:—By reason of your kindness, and the fact that I am one of those "Fanatics" who believe it is right, and are willing to help to "cylone" the liquor traffic, not only out of Lexington, but out of the State and the Nation. I have received your Blue-Grass Blade, and read, endorsed, and enjoyed it—when on its first, its second, and now on its third legs.

I send you \$2 to pay for my subscription to The Blade, if it only appears one week or fifty-two, it is all the same to me. I love the truth, and find it so seldom in public journals on the liquor question and its methods, I cannot let it slip from me.

You are aware that the Southern Journal has assigned and suspended. I want you to put in The Blade this week a notice that Hon. Samuel Dickey, Chairman of the Prohibition National Convention, will be at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Louisville, on the 23d inst., and all Prohibitionists are earnestly invited to meet him there. Matters of great importance bring him to Kentucky. Can't you be there? I hope you will.

JOSIAH HARRIS.

## REV. HIRAM W. FORD or Georgetown, Prohibition Candidate for Congress from the Ashland District.

Rev. Hiram W. Ford is the Prohibition candidate for Congress from this district, the greatest whisky producing region on earth.

Col. Breckinridge, his Democratic opponent, has lately, as a pure gratuity, and when there was no apparent reason for it in the world, declared himself the friend, ally and champion of whisky, by voting in a minority of 16 to 96 for the enforcement of the Original Package Bill, the purpose of which was to force the liquor traffic back upon the States from which Prohibition, in answer to the prayers of women and the tears of children had driven this, the most accursed of all traffics, the African slave trade not excepted, that ever disgraced Christianity and civilization.

In opposition to this distinguished and brilliant, but misguided man, the Prohibition party offers Rev. Ford, and asks of the public the minutest inquiry, not only into his public record as a loved minister and a successful farmer, but ask an inquiry into the most private details of his domestic life, and his private reputation among the large body of people who know him.

If anybody can find anything in him unworthy a Christian, philosopher, preacher, farmer, politician, business man, neighbor or citizen, all he has to do is to get his proof and send it to THE BLADE, and I will promise to blast him to the extent of my ability; for the Prohibition party can not afford to have for its standard-bearer any man who is not as good as the best of men.

The Prohibition party believes that the private morals, and business success and integrity of its candidates, is fully as important as their intellect, learning or genius. This party sets its candidates upon their record, and it makes their record begin the hour they were born, if not a generation or two before they were born, and that record is never ended until the men are dead.

The election of Hiram Ford over Col. Breckinridge would be worth millions of dollars to the State of Kentucky in business, and billions of dollars in morals and the highest human happiness. It would be saying to the world that the Great Nazarene had again stretched his hand over our sleeping beauty and said, "*Tulith euni*," and that this great Commonwealth "Where every prospect pleases and only

man is vile," and arisen to a sense of her dignity, and was shaking from her skirts this louthsome debauchery that is making her a laughing and a by-word among the nations of the earth.

Men of Kentucky, arise from this. Men of Lexington, remember the August election in your city. Men of Fayette, remember "Dog Kennel" in August; and women of the great Bluegrass Region, and of all Kentucky, put to the test the boasted chivalry of your husbands, fathers, sons, brothers and sweethearts, and of them to vote as you please, and then pray, until you have the right to answer your own prayers by the ballot.

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of my house by respectable grocers. No. You don't have to go to saloons to get it, but some of the most respectable best patronized grocers of our town sell it.

Cry aloud! Spare not! You will get your crown yet. I am poor fallen creature, with nothing to look forward to in this life. Be strong in your convictions, in your pen, and the women of our town, the wives of the worthiest, will reap the benefit.

Sincerely,

## Two Blue and the Gray meet at the Blade's Prostitution.

Dear Mr. Moore:

Again we missed seeing you, as we wanted you to have the encouragement that comes from seeing an old unscrupulous Rebel and a young Unionist, hand in hand, praying for The Blue Grass Blade. But we do the best we can—we leave our money, \$2.00 each.

W. S. ROGERS

E. B. BLANE.

## Wanted—Colored Boy.

A boy about 17 years old, stout and willing to work as porter.

Apply at 53, East Short Street.

## VICE PRESIDENT MORTON'S HOTEL.

General Leaving Weekend of the Order Prescribing the Sale of Liquor.

Vice President Morton is a much busier man now than he was at any time during the session of congress. His big hotel, which has been a source of great trouble to him ever since it was opened last winter, is more than ever troublesome at present, owing to a row growing out of fine feet. Closing up Friday night the Court House with such men as G. W. Bain to open a campaign and Gen. Green Clay Smith to close, with Rev. Pearce, Arnold, Martin Lynch, Gillian, Stanley, Rust and Hon. Robt. J. Breckinridge to do the skirmishing, where could

the vice president have been the result?

This order raised a great commotion among the guests, who could get little satisfaction, owing to the fact that there are two managers of the establishment, each with conflicting views as to what course should be followed. One manager is in charge of the cafe, the other manager of the rooms and a member of the real estate firm in which Seville A. Brown, chief clerk of the state department, is a partner.

This is where the political feature of the controversy comes in. Mr. Morton is constantly being called upon to arbitrate between the warring factions, and finds the task of landlord a more difficult one to fill than that of presiding officer of the senate. He has yet not decided whether to uphold the cafe manager or the apartment agent. The order cutting off the sale of liquor is said to have been brought about by the political real estate firm.

What caused Mr. Morton the greatest annoyance is the fact that all over the house there are removals of people who signed leases for a year, among the number being Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who declares that he will not be longer bothered by the interneering warfare which is daily enacted under his very eyes. Representative Cannon, of Illinois, is another of the disgruntled boarders, and he says he will not renew his lease under any circumstances. Meanwhile the vice-president has his rooms daily invaded by frato guests, who wish to pour out their grievances to him.

The Vice President tells the following somewhat startling but doubtless true story: "A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme, 'Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms and cattle do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?" "Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Where will your fathers be in twenty years?" "Dead," shouted the boys. "That's right. And who will own this property then?" "Us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Now, tell me, did you ever in

going along the street notice the drunks loitering around the public house door, waiting for someone to treat them?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them." "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," cried the boys.

"And who will be drunkards then?" "Us boys."

Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awful!"

It was awful, but it was true."

## The Great Tax Maker.

There is no complaint about taxes. The great taxes are local taxes, which are wholly under your control. Those taxes are largely imposed to support poorhouses, and those poorhouses would not have so many inmates but for the liquor traffic. It is the liquor dealer who raises your taxes. Ex-Senator Warner Miller in address before Agricultural Society of Delaware County, at Delhi, N. Y., Sept. 4.

## The Maine W. C. T. U.

Those who talk about the W. C. T. U. being "demoralized" should read the report of the gains made in Maine the past two years. In 1889 there was a total gain of \$33, and in 1890 a gain of \$66; total, \$100. Pretty good for a society that is going to pieces. There are now between three and four thousand members in the state.

## Tolstoi's Latest.

Tolstoi's latest crusade is said to be against tobacco and alcohol. It is stated that he has a work nearly ready for the press in which he strongly inveighs against glutony, and shows in a vivid manner the effect of narcotics and intoxicating drinks on the human system.

We want YOU to know that

**TAYLOR & HAWKINS,**  
No. 7 West Main St.

is the best place to buy  
Fancy Dry Goods and Notions

Read the following quotations:

Perfect fitting Jackets, new styles, from \$3.50 to \$6.00

Black Embroidered Fichus from \$2.50 to \$10.00

Cashmere Shawls, in Black, White and Colors.

**A COMPARISON**  
**Of Prohibition and the Tariff**  
**Question as Political Issues.**

As opposed to the Prohibition issue, fraught with every element of public morals and financial interest that could enter into the composition of any political issue, we have offered us by the Democratic and Republican parties the dispute about the Tariff question.

The experience of years of wrangling between these two dominant parties has shown that this question is impossible of adjustment, as between them, and the broadest intelligence upon the subject shows that to the public it would be a matter of supreme indifference whether the question were settled according to the most extreme views of one or of the other party.

To Democratic and Republican politicians, however, it is a matter of the greatest importance, as having for so many years looked horns on this issue, the one that first backs down will appear to have been vanquished, while his opponent is left victorious.

As regards the tariff question, for years, as a matter of convenience, to avoid the necessity of explanation, I have said I was an absolute free trader.

Having the same political policy, and desiring and anticipating the same practical results to everybody except professional politicians and editors, I am an absolute Tariff Protectionist.

The practical results of these extremes are precisely the same. The only position on the subject that necessarily has in it any element of political evil is the present Democratic dogma of "tariff for revenue only."

The first political idea that I can remember ever to have appreciated, was when my father, in talking about the "Missouri Compromise," friend and admirer of Mr. Clay though he was, said, "the very word *compromise* shows that we are allowing something wrong."

The proposition is so axiomatic in its essence that I will pass it without elaboration.

Mr. David C. Vance, my neighbor, is a man who, like myself, has made his living as a farmer. He has been a Democrat all his life; is not educated in politics, any more or less than I am, but he is distinguished for his possession of a plain hard common sense that arrives at just and accurate conclusions upon political subjects, without going through the technical processes of the logician.

In talking to me, a few days since, he said: "It is plain to my mind that we ought to have complete free trade or complete protection to our home industries, one or the other, and I don't care which."

Mr. Vance is one of the heaviest hemp raisers in the State, and could not see that it was justice to him to put hemp, that he had to sell, on the free list, and make him pay duty on woolen goods, sugar, and the cutlery, that as a farmer he had to buy.

A just political principle will always admit of general application without injustice to anybody. The application of the idea of tariff for revenue only, from the very beginning, arbitrary and *ex parte*. The "tariff tinkers" who are intrusted with the making of tariff schedules, have first to determine whether it is right to discriminate between "luxuries" and "necessaries," and then they have to determine which are luxuries and which are necessities. They begin this discussion with coffee and tea, and the combined wisdom of the world could not settle whether those two things are luxuries or necessities. Then comes sugar, then tobacco, and then liquors. Then comes up the question whether or not a silk "gown" is not as much of a necessity for a rich woman as a woolen or cotton one is for a poor woman.

But more important than all this it is to manage this adjustment of tariff rates so as to make the most friends for the respective parties in whose interest the tinkers are working. Evidently as a question of justice, Mr. Vance and his few neighbors that raise hemp around the Bluegrass region, are just as much entitled to protection in their business as are all the sugar growers in the South; but while Mr. Vance and his few friends can be sacrificed with but little damage to the party, anything that would be liable to dislodge the "Solid South," would be too hazardous to the Democratic party, and hence the discrimination must be made against the handful of hemp-growers, to placate the Northern Democracy by a show of protective tariff, and Mr. Vance and his friends have to foot the bills because somebody has to pay the Government debts on the principle of "tariff for revenue only."

If we are to obey the scriptural injunctions of judging trees by their fruit and puddings by chewing the bag, tariff for revenue has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Under this system of arranging for the payment of the Government's current expenses, it has been but a year or so since the treasury was so overfilled with money that all the politicians were racking their massive brains to know what to do with it. Senator Blair, the national champion of Woman Suffrage, said, distribute the surplus, for educational purposes, among the States of the Union on the basis of illiteracy; in which case the South would have gotten the lion's part. But Southern Democratic politicians said that world would be an interference with State rights. I heard Editor John O. Hodges, now candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction of this State, oppose the Blair bill on that ground.

But the excess of money had to be gotten rid of, and the powers that be arranged to scatter it out among the Union soldiers. A negro man hired to me soon after the war, and was by me employed for several years, getting first-class wages. He did not intimate to me that he had any bodily disability and I never discovered any. About a year ago he came to me to certify that I knew him to have been wounded and disabled in the Federal army. Of course I could not give him the certificate that he asked for; but as there are always plenty of people to be generous with somebody else's money, and there were pension agents who got paid for finding all such cases, there is little doubt that he got his money.

Colonel Blackburn and Colonel Breckinridge were both in the Confederate army. The former had a fearful quarrel with some little Northern Yankee Senator, because the Yankee claimed to be devoted to the gridiron flag as Senator Blackburn was, and Col. Breckinridge seems never so happy as when he can wrap himself in its folds and apostrophise that piece of buntin.

When these gentlemen had so helped to manage matters as that in two years all this surplus was squandered on these old niggers that helped the Yankees, and Dutch, and Irish to whip them, and had helped McKinley and Mills to put up the tariff 30 per cent on woolens and 50 per cent on cotton in order to raise more money, they come back to their constituency and with the blandest smiles ask for an endorsement by returning them to their seats at Washington.

If I were going to get up a travesty upon government finance, I can not imagine anything that could excel what the Government has done, and what both of the old parties propose still to do.

Let me illustrate. The Constitutional Convention of Kentucky is now in session in Frankfort. Suppose in the revision they should decide that hereafter the State of Kentucky should raise the money to pay its debts by the tariff principle, and should order to be built custom houses at Louisville, and Covington, and Maysville, and other places, around the State's boundary, and should get up the necessary officials to prevent smuggling into the State, and should adopt Mr. McKinley's schedule as a basis upon which to collect a tariff for revenue only, upon dutiable goods imported into the State, for the purpose of raising the money to pay the State debts. What would be thought of it? Why certainly that they were de-meaned, or more than ordinarily bigamous.

And yet, should Kentucky do that, she would do no more than the General Government is now doing, and there is just as much show of reason in one case as in the other.

If we all personally know that Kentucky can most successfully, and easily, and naturally pay her debts so that all of her citizens can see what is being done, by direct taxation, why can this not be done by the General Government? Then every business man who paid his taxes could see what he was doing. Each citizen would pay to his State officers as he is now doing, and the General Government could require of each State upon the basis of its wealth as determined by the census.

With that kind of an arrangement the General Government could call, each fiscal year, upon the States for just as much as it wanted to pay its debts, and the overfilled coffers of the Government one year would not be followed by a depletion the next year that required a fifty per cent advance in the price of a staple of life.

It is said that when a tariff on imports was suggested as a means of paying the Government's current expenses, the proposers of the scheme said the beauty of it was that the revenue could thus be collected without the people knowing

that they were paying it all the time.

As a business scheme, that is about on a par with the reasoning of a gentleman's servants, that they would be doing no wrong to pilfer from him, so long as the master was kept ignorant of the larceny, as they assume that no man, in any proper sense of the word, can be said to have been robbed, if he never knows about the robbery.

I want to show that absolute free trade and absolute protection would have precisely the same effect upon the people.

Suppose this country to be put under a tariff that would be absolutely prohibitory of foreign competition, what would be the result? Would everything furnished the consumer be advanced in price? Not one cent; because the competition in our own country would make producers sell just as cheap as they could afford to do.

Suppose, for instance, nobody outside of the city of Lexington was allowed to sell shoes in the State of Kentucky. Would a pair of shoes that could have been bought for a dollar the day before the law was passed, sell for two dollars the day after it was passed? Certainly not; for if that were to be the case, there would be forty farmers in Fayette County who would go into the shoe business the next week, because that business would beat farming.

With forty additional shoe merchants in Lexington, all selling a pair of shoes for two dollars, upon which there would be a good living profit at one dollar, how long would it be before some fellow would conclude that he would make more money by selling those shoes at a dollar and three-quarters, by the increased patronage he would get? And when all had come down to a dollar and three-quarters, how long would it be before some one of them, from the very love of gain, would drop his price to a dollar and a half, and so on the competition would force them just as low as they could afford to go. Even if no additional shoe dealers were allowed to come to compete with the present Lexington shoe dealers, the effect would be just the same, for the shoe dealers there now, from the very hope of increased profits, by increased patronage, would reduce these shoes to the very same percentage of profit that they make to-day.

In the Government of the United States we would see the same picture. If a prohibitory tariff should cut off all competition from foreign countries so that any given article of our commerce here would greatly appreciate in value, the people who make that article cheaper in foreign countries would come here to manufacture it. Or if the Government should limit the making of shoes to the shoemakers now in the United States, from the very day the law passed, shoes would not sell at all higher, from the principle that we have seen in the case of Lexington shoe dealers.

This is the case under an absolute protective tariff, and we have seen that there would be no change in the practical result to the consumer.

Now, suppose we try the experiment of absolute free trade. What would be the result? Cutlery, for instance, would flow in here from England until Henry Diston of Philadelphia, for instance, would have to sell his saws cheaper or shut up his shop. If it proved that Sheffield or Birmingham could make saws for the American people for two millions of dollars a year less than Philadelphia could do it, would it not be wise finance to retire Mr. Diston and his men on a million of dollars a year as a pension, and let them live idle in brown stone fronts, if by the transaction the American people would save a million of dollars annually by buying English saws.

If such a procedure as this would not be doing the greatest good to the greatest number, one of the basic principles of good law, what would it be?

Thus we have seen that the only appreciable effect that any tariff or free trade regulation could have, would be in the instance in which absolute free trade would produce the greatest good to the greatest number.

Next in advantage to absolute free trade is a tariff that would be absolutely prohibitory, and any intermediate ground between the two, a tariff for revenue only, for instance, must involve all the difficulties to which we have referred.

The view of the most extreme Democrat and that of the most extreme Republican would be so nearly the same in their practical workings, that it would not be worth the labor of walking one square to the polls to vote on the question, if a man were certain that his vote would settle it for ever.

Tariff for revenue only is arbitrary, *ex parte*, and *ad captandum*, and a thing to be eschewed by all sound thinkers.

Anybody can see and understand this plain, unvarnished, and com-

mon sense view of the matter.

The other day, as I was going into Lexington, I picked up a footman, a stranger, and gave him a seat in my carriage. I soon found him to be an exceedingly unsophisticated man, but one of good sense and who commanded a pretty fair English vocabulary.

He asked me if I had heard Col. Breckinridge's late tariff speech in our Court House. I said no. He said he had. I asked him what Col. Breckinridge said about it. He answered: "I would be a bad judge, sir, to tell you; I could not comprehend it."

The reason was evidently not intended as sarcasm against Col. Breckinridge, but the man simply meant to express his derogation of himself.

In this matter the Scripture is reversed; the tariff is revealed to the wise and prudent, but hidden from the bibles.

Colonel Breckinridge's mysticism is only explainable upon the supposition that he can not understand as plain an illustration as I have given, or an understanding it himself, he does not want the masses to understand it, and thus gain for himself that admiration that the masses always have for that which they can not comprehend in their fellow man.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that there is absolutely no business interest for the people in the whole tariff question, except the fact that both of the dominant parties propose to rob the people by a compromise tariff, and neither of these parties even claims that there is anything in the tariff question bearing upon morals.

While this is true of the tariff question, it is equally true of the Prohibition question, that as a combination of morals and finance it is the grandest political question ever presented to the American people.

**Why I am a Woman Suffragist.**  
I am satisfied that the average woman has more sense than the average man, and everybody is satisfied that she has better morals, and that's the reason I am a Woman Suffragist.

The other day my sister and I were having a Beatty wire-and-picket fence made between us.

One corner stone on the line between us had been covered over with soil. By finding the range of two lines we succeeded with but little difficulty in finding the stone by removing a little soil from the surface. The fence builders had dug a post-hole right by the side of it, and the stone proved to be two feet deep in the ground. It was a very dry time and the ground was very hard.

I concluded to dig up that stone and raise it so that the top of it would appear above the ground.

By accident there was lying within two feet of the hole a stone that was the very shape for a corner stone.

In trying to get up the original stone I had dug a hole right by the side of it abundantly deep to put in a corner stone, but was still digging away to get up that last foot of dirt around the old stone, the last foot of course being four times as hard as the first one.

Two white men, fence builders, both Prohibitionists, had taken in the situation and had not suggested to me that I was making a fool of myself. One of the most practical farmers in the country, a Democrat, had looked at me digging away, and seemed to think that I was showing about as much sense as men generally do. Then my wife and sister walked up, and my wife said: "Why don't you put that stone lying on top of the ground down in the hole that you have dug?" and my sister said: "The Bible says you ought not to remove the ancient landmarks, anyway."—Chicago Champion (Liquor Organ).

**Nothing to Lose.**  
We never did have any trade in Kansas until the "original package" decision was made, and then we had a Kansas boom. It would not be proper to say that the Wilson bill hurts the brewers or liquor men, as I said before they never did have any Kansas business, and so lost nothing.—Joseph Helm, President of Helm Brewing Company, in St. Louis Republic, Sept. 16.

**Literature for the Foreigner.**  
Mrs. Sophia F. Grubb, of Lawrence, Kan., who is the national W.C.T.U. superintendent for work among foreigners, published during the past year forty different temperance tracts in ten different languages.

No more effective work can be done than to get a supply of this literature, and distribute it among our foreign voters.

**Take Prohibition Papers.**  
Temperance people would do great service for the cause if they persisted in favoring newspapers that are friendly to the reform. Particularly in country towns we find a carelessness in this regard. The liquor men miss no such opportunity. They willingly stick to the paper that smiles on them and their business, and always make it a point to slight the paper that does the opposite.

Plainly the woman had more sense than the four men, and that's the reason I want the women to vote.

**More Sympathy.**

**NEWCASTLE, KY., Oct. 15, '90.**  
Editor of *Blue-Grass Blade*.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed find a check for \$2, subscription for one year.

I have fought all along the line of Prohibition since 1848, and, somewhat like yourself, have suffered persecution, arson and curses. Hence, I can sympathize with you and all others who are laboring for the right.

Early in the fifties it was my pleasure to attend the Grand Lodge of the Sons of Temperance at Lexington.

May you live to see our proud Commonwealth freed from the curse of corrupt politicians and rum.

Yours,  
J. N. CAPLINGER.

**A CINCINNATI SUNDAY.**

**The Commercial Gazette Describes the Way Ohio Works.**

A brief description of the state of affairs in lower Cincinnati on Sunday nights, when the beer gardens and saloons are in full running order, was recently given as follows in *The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*:

"The theatres were all open last evening, and this had much to do with the gaiety of the crowds and the fullness thereof. Vine street was a blaze of light from Fourth to Fifteenth. The sidewalks were so crowded that slow walking was impossible. One had to keep pace of the crowd or be jostled out onto the street, where every cable car that passed was as full of holes as a canteen chair is full of holes. All the theatres were crowded, and the brilliant lights over the Rhine swarmed with young men and women. There was no disorder. The men and women who make up Sunday night crowds in the town are rarely disorderly. Occasionally a young man who has overestimated his capacity for beer may try to start a row, but he is quickly squelched, and the half-pint young woman who fancies her capacity is half a gallon and wants to sing aloud is readily quieted by the police. It is a curious crowd, this Sunday night over-the-Rhine one, and it is typical of Cincinnati, for there is no other city in America where it is to be seen or heard."

It should be remembered that all this was made legal by a Republican legislature.

**"Killing Kansas."**

Yes, Prohibition is killing Kansas. The increase of wealth per capita for last reports is only 49 per cent. Massachusetts' increase is only 5 per cent. Ohio and Illinois have decreased in wealth by 5 per cent. The distillery business and Prohibition are each having its influence, and here they are:

Down in Kansas they have one school house for every 185 population. Ohio has only one for every 390; Illinois, one for every 500, while pious old Massachusetts has one for every 600 population. Yes, Prohibition is killing Kansas, and Nebraska wants to be killed by the same process. If it is Prohibition that has done all these things (and it is) then give us lots of Prohibition.—Lincoln (Neb.) Call.

**A What Is It?**

By the way, we don't believe there can be any such combination as the so-called "Republican Prohibitionist." A Republican is one who believes in and votes for the principles of that party. A Republican cannot be at the same time a Prohibitionist, because the Republican position on temperance is high license, and high license runs in a diverging line from prohibition and can never meet. So when a Republican temperature man says, "Here's a Republican-Prohibitionist," it's the best of evidence he is a good Republican, because of his straddling tendencies.

**Hint to Nebraskans.**

No matter how many men it takes, no matter how much it will cost; if it costs the liquor trade one hundred thousand, or a hundred thousand dollars to fight this battle successfully, the victory will be worth to the whole United States ten times more than it will cost, and the National Protective Association should come forward liberally and magnificently.—Chicago Champion (Liquor Organ).

**Nothing to Lose.**

We never did have any trade in Kansas until the "original package" decision was made, and then we had a Kansas boom. It would not be proper to say that the Wilson bill hurts the brewers or liquor men, as I said before they never did have any Kansas business, and so lost nothing.—Joseph Helm, President of Helm Brewing Company, in St. Louis Republic, Sept. 16.

**CUTLERY, GUNS, AMMUNITION,**

**MANTELS AND GRATES, TILING;**

**Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools, Rope, Chain, Belting,**

**Pumps, Churns, Seats, Coal Vases and Bids; Fire Irons,**

**Bird Cages, and House Furnishing Goods, Barbadoes**

**and Smooth Wire, and Ready-Mixed Paint.**

# RACKET STORE!

Charles L. Moore  
Editor

How I wrote when things were jollier than now.

A young lady of this city has brought me a leaf from her scrap book containing the subjoined story that I wrote for the Press, some years ago, and asked me to republish it.

#### Hunting for the Keys.

My wife looked worried, and whispered to me that supper was ready; but she couldn't "find the pantry key;" that she knew the company was hungry, for it was late; that the sugar was in the pantry, and she couldn't have supper without the sugar; and she couldn't find that key; wouldn't I please find it. Certainly, I said, bless her heart, don't be troubled, I'll find it; and I started out quite cheerfully. I looked on the mantle, and the table, and the side-board. It was very evident that it was not in there, so I said quite gayly, it must be in another room. So I went in the spare room and looked on the bed and the wash-stand, the bureau and the window seal went in the parlor looked on the piano and the book-case; up stairs and on all the mantles, and beds and chairs. I came back and asked if she was sure she had had it lately. She said she was certain that she had it fifteen minutes ago. So I looked under the side-board, and under the ring, and under the door mat and the fender. I went in the spare room and looked in the grate, and in the water pitcher, under the pillows and behind the clock. I excused myself for interrupting the company, but I went in the parlor and looked in the coal scuttle, and in the piano, and in the guitar case, and shook the guitar, and looked behind the pictures, and in the books, and in the flower vases, and shook all the shells. I then ran up to our room and looked in my boots, and in the pocket of my Sunday coat, and then all my clothes, and then all my wife's pockets.

I came back into the dining-room and found my wife and the cook and the house girl and two children looking for the key.

I asked my wife if she was right certain that she had had that key to-day, but she looked so hurt at me that I asked her to forgive me, kissed her, vowed I never would doubt her again, and went upstairs declaring I would find that key or die. I got a step ladder and looked on top the wardrobe, in a hat-box, and a batch of raw cotton; and sixteen paper calendar boxes. Then I went in our room and took everything out of my wife's trunk and shook them all carefully, and in the soiled clothes basket, and laid each piece in a separate place on the floor. I looked up the chimney, and stirred in the gravy dish, and run a fork through the butter, and looked in the meat safe, under all the plates and under the beef steak. I went in the kitchen and looked in the cupboard, the cooking stove, the refrigerator, the rat-trap, the coal pile, the cedar barrel and rat hole. I came back to the parlor and moved the piano, and the book-case, and the pier table, turned the chairs upside down and looked under their bottoms. I apologized to the company and said we had only misplaced a key a little. They looked very hungry, and seemed truly to sympathize with us. I heard my wife and the cook and the house girl and the two children in the cellar moving cord wood, sheet iron, empty barrels, and flower pots. I got a ladder and went up into the attic, looked under the eaves, and on all the strings of red pepper, and then I looked out on the roof, and just to feel sure that I had not neglected any place, I looked down the chimney, and upon the lighting rod. Coming down stairs I met my wife and felt like telling her the key could not possibly be in the house; but she looked so troubled and worried that my heart was touched, and I couldn't say it; but I determined that I would have that key if I had to take up the carpets, and all the loose plastering. So I got the step ladder and looked over every window and door in the house. I got down on the floor and felt all over all the carpets. I looked in the dog's mouth, and down both barrels of my shot gun, happened to think about Major Andre, and felt in my boots. I looked at the baby to see if it looked like it had swallowed anything. I shook the broom and looked in the clock, poured out the ink, and looked in the camphor bottle; then I came to the dining-room and felt inside a

cold turkey with a spoon, looked in my pocket book, blew through my flute, looked up at the ceiling, felt in my hair, and down the back of my neck, looked under the cat, and opened a can of oysters (had to be opened any how), broke open a loaf of light bread, and felt the pound cake (burned thing might have got in the dough). I hated to say so, but I told my wife that I would just have to give it up, but I told her I would have that door open if I had to blow it open with glycerine. I got a hatchet and a monkey-wrench, and a poker, and a boot jack. I sent to six of the neighbors and borrowed all their keys. I picked out one, and when I went to stick it in the pantry lock there was that key sticking in that key hole.

#### Needs No Comment.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 15, 1890.

Dear Bro. Moore.—When your paper came out I was actually so delighted, that I was afraid I couldn't sleep the first night for thinking about there being *at least one* brave man coming to the front to give his mite and might to help put down dissipation; for I had been wondering for years why it was that the good people of Lexington seemed so passive and blind to the terrible increase of saloons, drunkenness and degradation in their beautiful city, and still kept licensing saloon keepers to sell liquor to destroy their children, brothers and neighbors, physically, mentally and morally, for this world, and their everlasting damnation in the next. But they are not blind; they see the danger; they know the awful destruction that has been done in the past, and getting more horrible and hopeless for the future. Still, O, still they told their hands and do nothing.

Great God, are we not somewhat responsible for the present condition of affairs in not doing what is necessary to put it down? Some say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But I say we will know some day, and that not far in the future, what has been required of us.

Oh, how can men and women be careless and indifferent when they would think and look, they would see the terrible breakers ahead! Some are horrified and tremble, and would do something in the sight of God and man to put down the sale of liquor, and thus save the souls of their children, brothers, neighbors, and stop the heart-rending cries of anguish and despair of drunken wives, but they have not the moral courage to rise as *one man*, and take by the horns that terrible monster, the *saloon*. But if there is no beginning made to do it, how in the name of God and man, can it ever be accomplished? For the monster is increasing in magnitude day and night, and is getting more and more dangerous. There is murder lurking there, not far out of sight, and all other vices the Devil can conjure up, for the downfall of human beings who are fools enough to be entrapped.

Why is it men are licensed and allowed to ruin our children? Is it for the want of courage to stop it? And then the elections have much to do with it. How can an election be carried on without whisky, and how can whisky be gotten without money, and where does the money go? *It goes to the saloon keeper, the soul-destroyer!* Yes, I say soul-destroyers! One who

would sell a soul-destroying beverage to man, would cut the heart's blood out of that same man, or any other, for money; and not only that, would see their wives and children waiting for the bread the money in their pockets would have fed and clothed; and not only that, they would see their patrons' wives, after existing in hell on earth, bereft of reason, screaming in maniacal despair, tearing their hair, going down to the grave, feeling that all earth, and even heaven, had deserted them in their unbearable burden! It seems a wonder that all righteous men and women don't rise up as one man and curse the liquor sellers in their righteous indignation. But vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay." O, men! do saloon keepers believe there is a God, and do they believe that they have souls to save? If they do, or not, they had better look to it, and that speedily, before it is everlasting too late. In the name of God, good men, wake up to the situation; come to the front; rally as one man and go to work, God helping you, to stop the terrible dissipation and corruption in and around Lexington. Do you know how many saloons there are in Lexington? Just count them. Oh, there are so many it makes you tremble to even think of putting down the monster; and then, too, you think you have some good friends in the liquor business and saloon keepers, and do dislike so much to hurt their feelings. Do they dislike so much to hurt your feelings as to refuse to sell your son (or you either) drink that would send your souls to hell, and then kick you out of

their grog shops if you become troublesome? It would be a good thing if all men who make beasts of themselves enough to become drunk, could be kicked out, if it would learn them a salutary lesson; but the saloon keeper smiles so sweetly, how can they refrain to yield him up both soul and body, and are like legs that return to their wallow, and belong as much to the saloon keeper as if he had them chained. I am old, and could tell of many saloon keepers becoming rich, and their wives flaunting their rustling silks, seals and diamonds in the faces of the poor, broken-hearted wives of the drunkards, who had paid for their misery with robbery of his wife and children, and *his own soul's salvation!* I could tell of many men, accumulating riches for their sons, and the saloon keepers rising on the downfall of those sons, with the very money their fathers had made by toil and economy. Oh, good men, are you willing to make money to support saloon keepers?

There is not *one man* who would refuse to help save a city on fire, when the hungry flames, flying from house to house, seemed about to destroy the whole, and leave many families poor and destitute. But the sale of liquor is worse than a city on fire; for the fire only destroys property; the intoxicating liquor destroys property, makes a brute of a man, ruins his family and destroys his soul. I will close, as this is an almost inexhaustible subject, and my poor, feeble pen can not do it justice.

May God bless you and your efforts for the cause of Temperance, is the sincere wish and prayer of

AN OLD WOMAN.

#### Responsibility of Stockholders of The Blade.

On October 15 I heard of the first instance of any stockholder who hesitated to pay his stock subscription. He said he was afraid it would lay him liable for debts of the *Blade*.

In answer to this I will state the following:

The articles of incorporation upon which the stock was subscribed stated that no stockholder would liable to any extent more than the amount of his stock.

In the second place the articles of incorporation have never been recorded, and never will be, and will be returned to any committee of three gentlemen who may ask for them.

In the third place if any responsible could attach to any stockholder it would attach at the signing of the stock list, whether ever paid for his stock or not.

In the fourth place I have already published that any subscriber who did not want to pay his stock would be released. I simply ask that every one who wants to be released may so inform me at once, and I will publish his release or not at his option.

For The Blade.

#### The Crank's Catechism.

Ques.—What is a crank?

Ans.—A crank is a man with a new idea.

Q.—Will you give a more accurate and extended definition of the word?

A.—A crank is an individual who vigorously pushes an idea, new to his generation.

Q.—What is the technical term for crank?

A.—Lunatic.

Q.—Mention names of some cranks, or lunatics, of ancient times.

A.—Christopher Columbus, Giuliano, Bruno, Joan of Arc, Oliver Cromwell, Saul of Tarsus, and J. G. Craddock.

Q.—Repeat the names of cranks of a more recent period.

A.—Ericsson, Edison, Eadie, Fulton, Morse, Purnell, John Bright, Belva Lockwood, Henry M. Stanley, C. C. Moore, Herbert Spencer, J. G. Chapman, Andrew Jackson Davis, Speaker Reid, and Dr. Mary Walker.

Q.—Are cranks cowards?

A.—Rarely, if ever.

Q.—What is a distinguishing characteristic of cranks?

A.—They wear their clothes and their opinions to suit themselves.

Q.—What did the little boy call another little boy on the street, yesterday, because he would not smoke a cigarette?

A.—He called him a crank.

Q.—Are you afraid to be called a crank?

A.—No.

Q.—Repeat a verse from the Bible concerning persons who would have been called cranks in our day.

A.—"They were tempted, they were sawn under, they wandered in dens and caves of the earth, of whom the world was not worthy."

Q.—What is the mechanical position in the universe which cranks occupy?

A.—They turn the wheels of Progress for all the ages.

KATHERINE DUNNING CLARK.

#### WORK WELL STARTED.

CHAIRMAN DICKIE COMMENCES OPERATIONS IN THE SOUTH.

Long Mattered Plan Carried Out—Duke of Virginia, Carolina, Georgia and Other States Wheeling Into Line—Perfect Organization Sure.

The organization fund still grows, and the Prohibition party may well be gratified on this evidence of strong faith and loyal co-operation of its members. Every day adds to the total, and if contributions are continued it will be a short time till organizers are in every state of the Union.

The following shows the condition of the fund as reported by the national secretary Oct. 15:

THE FUND.	
Per Month	Per Month
Mrs. W. W. Grier, ... \$5.00 James Spike, ... \$2.50	
T. W. Burger, ... 5.00 Alex Bank, ... 5.00	
Charles Ellington, ... 1.25 Daniel F. Foster, ... 1.25	
A. W. Wilson, Jr., ... 1.00 John J. Shinn, ... 1.00	
Rainey Valley W. C. ... 1.00 L. Taggart, ... 1.00	
T. U. ... 1.00 H. Close, ... 1.00	
Manchester, Conn., ... 1.00 J. G. Spiller, ... 1.00	
Philadelphia, ... 1.00 M. L. Brown, ... 1.00	
S. E. Johnson, ... 1.00 J. H. Glavin, ... 1.00	
Others, ... 7.14	
Previously reported, ... \$100.40	
Total, ..... \$114.91	
MINUS PAYMENTS OR EXPENSES MADE IN THE MONTH OF SEPT.	
M. C. Payne, ... \$20.00 Wm. Thomas, ... 2.00	
J. W. Crawford, ... 1.00 Wm. C. ... 1.00	
Mrs. E. W. A. Field, ... 5.00 Mrs. H. B. ... 5.00	
D. S. Murphy, ... 1.00 J. H. ... 1.00	

Active operations have been commenced. Valuable help has been sent to struggling states, and now Chairman Dickie has met with the state committees leading Prohibitionists of several of the states and instituted continuous operations.

In Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee were well attended and earnest conferences were held. There was much enthusiasm, but the thought was prevalent throughout that the meetings were for business.

The objective point is organization. Contracts will be made with good men, the agreement stipulating for co-operation between national and state committees and on the part of the organizer.

Those who desire to leave money or property for the benefit of advancing the cause of Prohibition can here find a safe trustee. Write to Secretary John Lloyd Thomas, 32 East Fourteenth street, New York city, for full particulars.

Miss Willard's Campaign.

Miss Frances E. Willard's Nebraska campaign was a series of ovations from first to last. In Lincoln the opera house was so densely crowded that more than a thousand people were unable to gain admission. In a single sentence Miss Willard answered all the trumped up figures of Rosewater and Webster in regard to the arrests for drunkenness in Maine and Nebraska. "In Maine they arrest the drunken man; in Nebraska he is so common that he is not arrested except on special occasions." These may not be the exact words, but the substance is here given and the facts therein stated are literally true.

Mississippi's Shame.

The saloon element won in the Mississippi constitutional convention. After debating all day, by a vote of 72 to 15 the majority report of the temperance committee was adopted, which declared agitation of the liquor question at this time as inopportune. Mississippi Prohibitionists hold Bishop Galloway, of the M. E. Church South, responsible for the failure to secure a Prohibition clause in the proposed new constitution. His plea for delay, "wait for public sentiment," were eagerly made an excuse. An awful responsibility to rest on a preacher of Christ's gospel.

Blanks have been prepared for lists of Prohibition and hopeful voters, reports of club work and for quarterly reports of party committees. The last provides for detailed quarterly reports of precinct and county work, and it is hoped that this system will be adopted uniformly in all states.

It is not the intention of the committee to limit operations to unorganized states, but to co-operate so far as possible with all states to strengthen and perfect the organization of the party at every point where it is weak.

The work now begun will not cease until every county has a strong and working organization.

To urge all Prohibitionists to subscribe for and read our party papers.

8. To solicit and receive funds in the name and on behalf of state committees, and to fully report all moneys received, together with the names and addresses of contributors, to both committees, semi-monthly.

5. To enlist all possible aid from volunteer workers, giving them needed suggestions and instructions, remembering that his own work will be imperfect and limited unless he can obtain active assistance and hearty co-operation on the rank and file of the party.

6. To make semi-monthly reports to both the national and state committees upon blanks furnished by the national committee.

7. To urge all Prohibitionists to subscribe for and read our party papers.

8. To solicit and receive funds in the name and on behalf of state committees, and to fully report all moneys received, together with the names and addresses of contributors, to both committees, semi-monthly.

9. To provide for the expenses of the national and state committees, and to furnish the same to the national and state committees.

10. To furnish to the national and state committees the names and addresses of contributors, and to furnish the same to the national and state committees.

11. To furnish to the national and state committees the names and addresses of contributors, and to furnish the same to the national and state committees.

12. To furnish to the national and state committees the names and addresses of contributors, and to furnish the same to the national and state committees.

13. To furnish to the national and state committees the names and addresses of contributors, and to furnish the same to the national and state committees.

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16. To furnish to the national and state committees the names and addresses of contributors, and to furnish the same to the national and state committees.

17. To furnish to the national and state committees the names and addresses of contributors, and to furnish the same to the national and state committees.

### Prof. —— on Prohibition.

had a talk, as we learned against an electric road post, lately. He is a bright man, of broad views, and a few years ago was a nominee of the Democratic party, and is still thoroughly identified with the party.

He says there is no doubt that the Prohibition question will soon be the great national political issue. He thinks that Prohibition ought to carry, but says that Prohibitionists ought not to get up a third party, but accomplish their purposes within one of the old parties. He thinks that third party Prohibition will not prohibit.

Taking him as a sample of our most intelligent Democrats, I want to answer his objections to Prohibition.

Of course, Prohibitionists are generally familiar with the objection that "Prohibition will not prohibit," and the answers to be made to it, but we must have the up line, and precept upon precept.

I have heard people who said that not only did Prohibition not prohibit, but that an effort to control the "personal liberty" of men by the Prohibition sumptuary law, actually made the people drink more than they would otherwise do. Liquor dealers, distillers and brewers would have the finest opportunity of seeing the practical working of the Prohibition law. If it were a fact that Prohibition increased the consumption of liquor, then, of course, these distillers and brewers would all be Prohibitionists, as the best means of stimulating their business.

If distillers and brewers had found out that the existence of a Prohibition law in a State did not effect the consumption of liquor sold in that State, they would be indifferent to any Prohibition contest that might be going on in any State.

But on either of these hypotheses, there are some singular facts in the business management of the liquor men. For instance, they have a great organization called the Liquor Protective Alliance. People don't get up protective alliances except to guard themselves and their business against their enemies, and they don't go into such alliances until they think their enemies are getting so formidable that the safety of their business demands this.

Consequently, we hear of Farmers' Alliances, when they consider that it is necessary to defend themselves against its natural enemy, organized capital.

Temperance crusades, in various forms, have been going on in this country for fifty years. They simply proposed to help mankind by converting individual drunkards by moral suasion and religious appeals. Their plans were so ineffectual that brewers and distillers paid no attention to them further than an occasional smile of contempt for a lot of fanatics. But when Prohibition laid the ax at the root of the tree, and proposed to stop their breweries and distilleries by law, these men began to come to their milk; and when two or three States had forced the whole liquor business out of their borders, they did not know where the evil would stop, and they began to organize and put up their money to stop the encroachment that Prohibition was making upon their trade.

Now, in Nebraska, a State where Prohibition has been in force for years, the vote on Prohibition is to be re-submitted, and this Liquor Alliance has set aside \$50,000 to be used in the election to defeat Prohibition. Of course, these people are not spending this amount of their money for the gratification of a mere sentiment, or for a mere piece of pettiness; but they thus declare that, as a business transaction, the profits on liquor they would sell in Nebraska, if they could get rid of the Prohibition law there, would be so much more than \$50,000 that they are willing to spend that much even for a chance to begin their business there.

With facts like these before him, a man can not do full justice to his first-class, broad intelligence by the statement that "Prohibition does not prohibit."

If it is affirmed that Prohibition does not absolutely and effectually prohibit the liquor traffic, this will be admitted; but it is equally true that no law against any crime can effectually suppress that crime, and that theft, murder, arson, robbery, counterfeiting, forgery, perjury, carrying concealed weapons, and buying votes, are in daily occurrence in Kentucky, in spite of our statutes against them.

If, therefore, a man objects to Prohibition on the ground that it could not perfectly carry out its designs, he must, to be consistent, object to any of the Kentucky statutes on the same

ground. An argument that proves too much, proves nothing. When a man argues as his only objection to Prohibition the fact that, in his opinion, it will never carry, it is an admission that it ought to carry, and any man who is a broad-gauge thinker ought to try to make it go.

No man who thoroughly understands the genius of the American government, and the design of the elective franchise, can decline to vote for anything because he does not think that thing will win.

The right to vote is not given to a man as a means of expressing his opinion as to which side of an issue will win, but to express his opinion as to which side should win.

Any man who votes simply for the purpose of being on the popular side, when his convictions are for the other side, is not a whit better than the man who sells his vote.

The two men are equally influenced by mercenary considerations to go against their convictions. The purpose of civil government, in giving the right of suffrage to the citizens, is to have these citizens who sell their vote. The two men are equally influenced by mercenary considerations to go against their convictions. The purpose of civil government, in giving the right of suffrage to the citizens, is to have the grand principles we can make the grand principles we advocate, known and be read every week by every one, and from my very heart of hearts I say go on, and the very God of Peace will be with us; for we know assuredly that we have the truth, God's holy truth; and if we have the truth, it is mighty and will prevail, and we should never go back against the truth, as some have done, but stand steadfastly and immovably, and we will conquer; for it is God's work.

You have what little influence I have, and also the little pittance I have towards this work; you are welcome to it and as much more, if necessary, to accomplish this grand reformatory work.

WILLIAM VAN PELT.

I sometimes think if it were possible for the venerated old President, Thomas Jefferson, the very father of Democracy, could raise his old gray head from the sleeping tomb, where it has lain some hundred years, could look out and see that venerated old flag containing the stars and stripes, the emblem of all pure Democracy, floating over this corrupt, whisky-cursed Democratic city, so-called, we might well suppose that the poor old President would sink back to his retirement with disgust and say, "Oh, how has the mighty old flag fallen!"

Now, in conclusion, I will say that I have read the last two numbers of The Blade (especially the last one) with much pleasure, and I do feel so much more encouraged to think and realize that the Prohibitionists here in this community have a mouthpiece through which we can make the grand principles we advocate, known and be read every week by every one, and from my very heart of hearts I say go on, and the very God of Peace will be with us; for we know assuredly that we have the truth, God's holy truth; and if we have the truth, it is mighty and will prevail, and we should never go back against the truth, as some have done, but stand steadfastly and immovably, and we will conquer; for it is God's work.

You have what little influence I have, and also the little pittance I have towards this work; you are welcome to it and as much more, if necessary, to accomplish this grand reformatory work.

WILLIAM VAN PELT.

To the Covington Commonwealth.

DEAR SIR:

I said some things in the BLADE lately that made all the editors in Lexington cry, and say I was naughty, and that they were going to take all their dolls and not play with me anymore. I was just as sorry as I could be, because I felt so lonely and out in the cold, and I told everybody so.

I was like a country dog come to town, and when all the town dogs jumped on me and wiped up the street with me until it looked like a pocket edition of a Louisville cyclone had been around there, all the papers in the State, except you, said I was naughty, and that they were going to take all their dolls and not play with me anymore. I was just as sorry as I could be, because I felt so lonely and out in the cold, and I told everybody so.

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